

The Diverting Post.

From Saturday Jan. 27, to Saturday Feb. 3. 1704.

To his Grace of Marlborough, from Aurelia.

My Lord,
HAD I your Fire and Genius, I would write,
As you at Don'wert and at Hochstet fight;
Light'ning and Thunder should attend each Word,
As they, and Blood and Wounds, attend your Sword.
I'd stab each French-man at the Eye and Ear,
And make 'em die or yield, as you did there.
Abroad you conquer, and at home your Name
Breaks Envy's Teeth, and bursts the Cheeks of
Fame.

On the Duke of Marlborough.

Three Heroes, Fame, (for mighty Gifts in War)
Above the common Rolls of Honour, far
Has rais'd, as Patterns of our early Care.
Pyrhus in order sets the Battel array,
Fabius takes Advantage by Delay;
But brave Marcellus to Engagement calls,
Whilst by his Arms the routed Squadron falls.
Thou Order and Delay dost understand,
Churchill, to conquer, equal, and command.
Those War-like Deeds were thought enough for three,
Now scarce for one, we find them all in thee.

Veres by a Reform'd Debauchee.

AT last mine Eyes are open, and I see
I have 'till now mistook Felicity:
I thought it laid in Feasting and Excess,
Variety of Women, in Wine no less.
But after all, I find a Vertuous Life,
Crown'd with the Blessing of a tender Wife,
Alone can give Content, and free from Strife.

A Prologue to the new Play called, *The Gamester.* Spoke by Mr. Betterton. Written by Mr. Row.

IF humble Wives, that drag the Marriage Chain,
Of cursed dogged Husbands may complain;
If turn'd at large to starve, as we by you,
They may at least for Alimony sue.
Know, we resolve to make the Case our own,
Between the Plaintiff Stage, and the Defendant Town,
When first you took us from our Father's House,
And lovingly our Interest did espouse,
You kept us fine, caref'd, and lodg'd us here,
And Hony Moon held out above three Year:
At length (for Pleasures known do seldom last)
Frequent Enjoyment pall'd your sprightly Taste;

And tho' at first you did not quite neglect,
We found your Love was dwindled to Respect:
Sometimes indeed, as in your way it fell,
You stop'd, and call'd to see if we were well:
Now, quite estrang'd, this wretched place you shun;
Like bad Wine, Business, Duels, or a Dun:
Have we for this encreas'd Apollo's Race?
Been often pregnant with your Wits Embrace,
And born you many chopping Babes of Grace?
Some ugly Toads we had, and that's the Curse;
They were so like you, that they far'd the worse:
For this to Night, we are not much in pain;
Look on't, and if you like it, entertain:
If all the Midwife says of it, be true,
There are some Features too like some of you.
For us, if you think fitting to forsake it,
We mean, to run away, and let the Parish take it.

An Epilogue to the new Play called, *The Gamester.* Spoke by Mr. Verbruggen. Written by Mr. Johnson.

AS one condemn'd, and ready to become,
For his Offences past, a Pendulum,
Does, ere he dies, bespeak the learned Throng,
Then, like the Swan, expires in a Song.
So I (tho' doubtful long which Knot to chuse,
Whether the Hang-man's, or the Parson's Noose)
Condemn'd, good People, as you see, for Life,
To play that tedious, jangling Game, a Wife,
Have but one Word of good Advice to say
Before the doleful Cart draws quite away.
You roaring Boys, who know the Midnight Cares
Of rai'ling Tatts, ye Sons of Hopes and Fears,
Who labour hard to bring your Ruin on,
And diligently toil to be undone:
You're Fortune's sporting Foot-balls at the best,
Few are his Joys, and small the Gamester's Rest.
Suppose then Fortune only rules the Dice,
And on the Square you play; yet, who that's Wise,
Would to the Credit of a faithless Main,
Trust his good Dad's hard-gotten boarded Gain?
But then such Vultures round a Table wait,
And hovering, watch the Bubble's sickly State:
The young fond Gambler, covetous of more,
Like Astop's Dog, loses his certain Store.
Then the Spunge squeez'd by all, grows dry, and now,
Compleatly wretched, turns a Sharper too.
These Fools, for want of Bubbles too, play fair,
And lose to one another on the Square.
So Whores the Wealth from num'rous Culls they glean,
Still spend on Bullies, and grow poor again.
This Itch for Play has likewise fatal been,
And more than Cupid, drawn the Ladies in:
A thousand Guineas for Baffet prevails,
A Bait, when Cash runs low, that seldom fails;

And when the fair One can't the Debt defray
In Sterling Coin, does Sterling Beauty pay.
In vain we labour to divert your Care,
Nor Song, nor Dance can bribe your Presence here,
You fly this place like an infectious Air.
To yonder happy Quarter of the Town
You crowd, and your once Favourite Stage disown :
We're like old Mistresses, you love the Vice,
And hate us only 'cause we once did please,
Nor can we find how else 'tis we deserve,
Like Tantalus, 'midst Plenty, thus to starve.

Upon a Guinea.

WHAT Phœnix is to some, Gold is to me,
I hear it talk'd of, but can rarely see.
In our Arabia 'tis no common Joy,
To gain the Prospect of one Yellow Boy ;
But solitary One appears at most,
And soon as 'tis perceiv'd, alack ! 'tis lost.
I wish 'twould be my happy Fate to find
A Guinea lasting, as that Bird and Kind ;
Then I for Ages were secure of Bliss,
And had no Cause when it consum'd to miss ;
Ev'n then its Ruins I'd disdain to moan,
Since 'twould it self produce another One.

To Clarinda.

OH ! could I put this little Trick on Love
And for those certain Wounds I hourly prove,
But steal his Wings, to bear me to your Sight,
That sacred Treasury of pure Delight ;
I'd all his Darts with grateful Joy sustain,
And in your Presence banish Thought of Pain ;
Then freely render back his Pinions too,
Ev'n Feet would be too quick for leaving you :
This double Prospect of Success, I find,
The Thief is daring, and the God is blind.

The Explanation of the last Riddle. By Mr. P-----.

MAKE use of your Feet, and you'll find what has
none,
When arriv'd at the Billingsgate End of the Town ;
Where the Fish-wives engage in a War with their
Tongues,
And exercise theirs, about what has no Lungs.
Not one of five hundred, or he or the Royster,
But solve this Enigma, while they open an Oyster.

A Country Catch.

I Love my Queen, I love my Freind,
And a pretty Girl that is kind, Boys ;
I love when I Sup, to take off my Cap ;
And now you know all my Mind, Boys.

On Clarinda's Singing.

HEAR the soft Accents of Clarinda's Tongue,
Whose Voice is tuneful as the Syren's Song :
At her harmonious Strains the Hills resound,
And Echo answers to the charming Sound.
The list'ning Faune forsakes the Groves to hear,
And all the neigb'ring Forrest lends an Ear.

London, Printed : And Sold by B. Bragg, at the Blue Ball in Avermary-Lane. 1704.

All Hearts transported with the enchanting Sound,
Bless the soft Lays that do so sweetly wound.
Had the like Symphony Ulysses warm'd,
The Syren's Notes then had not vainly charm'd.
For if Clarinda's Voice had reach'd his Ear,
The Greek transported, then had dy'd to hear.

SONG.

THE God of Love in Ambush lies,
In Fair Celia's killing Eyes :
Arm'd with his Bow and Darts ;
Where be, obscure in their Flame,
And aided by the charming Dame,
Bereaves us of our Hearts.

Not fragrant Rose, Nor Lilly white,
Such Sweets diffuse, bring such Delight ;
As Celia's snowy Breast ;
Her Charms are all beyond compare,
And if she proves so Kind, as Fair,
Then Strephon's ever blest.

Advertisements.

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Non Nobis sed Omnibus.

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